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DODGE CITY, ... KANSAS.

THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

Somebody's baby was buried to-day—
The empty white hearse from the grave rumbled back,
And the morning, somehow, seemed less smiling and gay,
As I paused on the walk while it crossed on its way,
And a shadow seemed drawn o'er the sun's golden track.

Somebody's baby was laid out to rest,
White as a snow-drop and fair to behold,
And the soft little hands were crossed over the breast,
And the hands and the lips and the eyelids were pressed
With kisses as hot as the eyelids were cold.

Somebody saw it go out of her sight
Under the coffin-lid, out of the door.
Somebody finds only darkness and blight
All thro' the glory of summer sunlight—
Some one whose baby will waken no more.

Somebody's sorrow is making me weep.
I know not her name, but I echo her cry
For the dearly-bought baby she longed so to keep,
The baby that rode to its long lasting sleep
In the little white hearse that went rumbling by.

I know not her name, but her sorrow I know.
While I paused on the crossing I lived it once more—
And back to my heart surged that river of woe
That but in the breast of a mother can flow—
For the little white hearse has been, too, at my door.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Demorest's Magazine.

HIS BROTHER'S SIN.

Suffering for the Evil Deeds of Another.

"Have you seen Dick anywhere, Miss Jeffries?"

"Not since last night," she replied, "and I was sorry enough to see him then."

"Why, what scrape is he in now?" asked Gerald, who knew that his twin brother Dick was wild enough to get in any kind of mischief.

"Here is father coming, and he will tell you all about it," answered the girl as she turned away from her questioner.

"Morning—morning, Gerry," said bluff old Captain Jeffries, "'bout ready for your trip?"

"Yes, all ready, but Dick hasn't been home all night, and I don't know what has become of him. I don't want to start short-handed."

"Wal, I'm dummed!"

"What has he been up to now?" asked Gerald, who was really anxious.

"Wall, they ain't no good chasin' old Nick around the stump," was the reply; "fact is, he came up here last night staggerin' drunk 'n I jest opened out on him. I told him no drunkards could come a-loverin' my gal, Mollie, and I ordered him out of the house."

At this moment old Seth Cranbrook joined the other two, and catching the last words joined in the conversation.

"Talkin' 'bout Dick, I guess," he drawled. "Wall, I see him poundin' 'long toward Gulf Cliff 'bout 'leven o'clock last night."

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An hour later, all the seaweed-lined pools and crannies were being thoroughly examined for a long distance on either side of the cliff. At length as the search was about to be abandoned, one of the men turned over a clump of seaweed with his boat hook, and beneath it, in a little pool, he saw what proved to be a blue cloth coat, torn and ragged from being ground between the sharp stones.

The man hastily shoved his hand into the breast pocket and took from it a mass of soaking, almost pulpy papers. The writing on them was still legible, although the ink had run a good deal, and it needed but a glance to read the address on one of the envelopes: "Mr. R. Weston, Seabrook, Mass."

The corpse was never found, but it was universally conceded that Richard Weston, in a fit of drunken anger, had drowned himself, and his body had been carried out to sea by something mysteriously alluded to as the "currents."

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Three years passed. Seth's persistence and her father's importunities at last drove Mollie into matrimony. The Captain, and in fact nearly every one interested in the fishery business, was in the clutches of old Seth, who had grown rapidly rich by the misfortunes of other people. For three seasons, successively, the mackerel had deserted the coast and run far north into Canadian waters. The Canadians, in a most unneighborly spirit, had seized boats and in other ways molested the American fishermen who had followed the fish. Gerald Weston had been compelled to mortgage his two schooners and all their tackle to Seth, and on the very morning of the latter's marriage to Mollie, he had been unable to pay the interest due.

"Wal, Weston, business is business," said Seth, "and every man must purtect himself."

It was a quiet little wedding, and the bride was as pale as death itself as she tremblingly repeated the words which bound her to a man whom, in her heart, she despised. In spite of all her efforts to banish it, the picture of the handsome, dashing young fellow who had gone to his death for love of her was constantly before her.

Hard-fisted old Seth kept his word with Weston, in spite of the prayers and remonstrances of Gerald and his friends.

"You kinder 'tend your own nets," said Cranbrook when a deputation called on him. "Ef you be so 'tarnal anxious 'bout Gerry's business, you jest pony up fer him and I'm satisfied." The men were willing enough to help, but they were unable to do so.

"Boys," said Gerald, "it's all up. The infernal old shark has me by the scruff of the neck, and he's only too blamed glad of the chance to sell me up."

Some threatening remarks were indulged in by the men, and, spurred on by them, Weston continued:

"It's a dad-ratted good thing for him he hain't here now, or I'd break every bone in his yaller old hide—durned ef I wouldn't."

"Serve him right, too!" chimed in the crowd.

"Say, fellers," he went on, "it was as much as I could do to keep my hands off him the last time I saw him. He'd better keep out of my way!"

"You sock it to him, Gerry, and we'll stand by you," suggested one of the men, who looked very much as if he meant it.

"You go and see him, and then ef he won't keep his hands off and do the decent thing by you, just lick him," was the advice of one of the more conservative members of the crew.

The upshot of it all was that Gerald grew more and more excited as the matter was discussed, and indulged in a good many threats of "taking it out of Cranbrook's hide," in case he refused to extend the time for payment.

He left the crowd at about 8 o'clock to look for his creditor, going direct to the "bank," as Seth's little office was called. He was not there, so Gerald determined to go to Seth's house.

Weston was a sensible fellow, after all, and as he thought over the matter he saw that having lost his temper Cranbrook would have him at a disadvantage in the argument, and he determined to take a roundabout walk to the house, so that he might cool down before the meeting took place. On the way, strangely enough, he only saw one man, Jim Turner, whom he met some three miles from Cranbrook's place.

At about three o'clock that same afternoon, a bronzed, sturdy looking fellow, dressed in the rough blue clothing commonly worn by the fishermen, was seen by two or three people entering the little garden in front of Cranbrook's house.

"There goes Weston," said Elijah Haskins to his wife, "I guess he's goin' to see Seth 'bout the mortgage." Everybody in Seabrook knows all about everybody's business. That is one of the charms of small places.

Mollie was alone in the house that afternoon, and it was baking day. As she came from the pantry with a dishpanful of flour, some one opened the kitchen door without the formality of knocking. Expecting to see Mrs. Haskins, she turned quickly towards the door.

"Richard!" she cried, "Richard—my God! Can it be you?" and before Richard Weston could catch her she had dropped the pan of flour, reeled and fallen unconscious.

When she recovered her senses she found herself in Dick's arms.

"Mollie," he whispered, "Mollie, dearest—open your eyes. It is I, Dick, I have come back to you."

For a minute or two Mollie was dazed by the sudden reappearance of the lover she had mourned as dead. Then the horror of the situation came to her, and gently repulsing him she arose and tottered to the table, where, flinging herself into a chair, she bowed her head and gave way to a burst of hysterical weeping.

For a few minutes Dick stood watching the woman's agony. A smile of triumph illumed his sun-burnt face and gleamed in his dark eyes; then, striding across the room, he laid his hand on her head with the old caressing motion she remembered so well, and said:

"You have not forgotten me, Mollie; you love me, you are mine."

Checking her sobs, she replied in a voice which had lost all its music, and sounded hard and unnatural:

"Not yours, Dick, not yours. God forgive me; I am Seth Cranbrook's wife!"

"I know that," he answered slowly and distinctly, "his by law, but mine by right. I am a rich man now—come with me—far away from Seabrook, and we will be happy together."

Mollie's eyes dilated with horror. She arose from the chair and throwing his hand off her shoulder, took three slow steps backward from him. After looking him full in the face for an instant, she said in a low voice, thrilling with indignation:

"How dare you? How dare you, I say, come to an honest woman and insult her like this?"

"Nonsense, Mollie!" he said, after a pause. "You are the last woman in the world I would willingly insult. Be reasonable. Seth stole you from me while I was away. He has no right to you, for I love you and you love me—and you know it!"

At this moment Seth Cranbrook stopped at the open door and heard the last words uttered by Dick. Before he could recover from his astonishment Mollie's voice rang out with no uncertainty, no wavering in it.

"Richard Weston!" she cried, "you are worse than a coward, you are a contemptible scoundrel to propose this dishonor to me! Seth Cranbrook is not here, but I, his wife, order you to leave this house!"

Like a whipped puppy, Dick turned without another word. As he faced the door he saw the white, stern face of Cranbrook, who, with uplifted arm stood prepared to bar his passage from the house.

The sight of Cranbrook appeared to madden him, and darting to the wood-box in the corner, he picked up a round billet of beech wood, and rushed at the old man.

Before he could reach him, however, Mollie flung herself upon him, screaming:

"Don't, Dick! For God's sake, don't!"

"Let me go!" yelled Weston, fiercely, as he roughly threw her from him. Mollie staggered back, stumbled over a low stool and falling backward, came down with a crash.

The scoundrel raised his billet, and rushing at Cranbrook, attacked him at the moment he sprang to his wife's assistance.

The struggle was a short one. Weston was a powerful fellow, while Cranbrook, old and stiff, was as feeble as a child in his hands. Blow after blow descended on Seth's head, and in a few moments all was over. The wife still lay unconscious where she had fallen, the husband, a few feet from her, in a pool of blood, was gasping his last faint sigh.

After a hurried glance at his awful work, the murderer turned and fled.

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Gerald had walked nearly four miles, and found himself in a very much better temper.

As he walked up to the back door, he heard Mollie singing a quaint old ballad, the refrain of which, "Roses, red, red roses," she repeated over and over again. There was something wild and sad in the tone of her voice which arrested his attention, and he paused a moment to listen. Then hurrying his step he pushed open the kitchen door, which stood ajar, and entered.

As he did so he started back horrified at the dreadful sight which met his eyes. There lay Seth Cranbrook, dead, in a crimson pool, while poor Mollie sat on the floor beside her husband's body, the awful light of insanity shining in her eyes and a meaningless smile upon her pretty face.

There she sat, dabbling her fingers in the blood, and still crooning: "Roses; red, red roses."

Without stopping to think of what he was doing, Gerald attempted to draw the poor creature away from the corpse. She did not recognize him, and he was compelled to use some force to drag her from the slowly congealing red pool, which seemed to have an awful fascination for her. Even after he had succeeded in getting her to the other end of the room, and returned to see whether Seth was really dead, with the cunning of a lunatic she glided swiftly back, and dipping both hands in the gore, daubed it on his coat before he could prevent her.

Gerald uttered a hoarse cry of horror, and seeing that he could do nothing by himself, started on a run for the village to secure assistance. On, on he rushed at the top of his speed, when suddenly, a wagon, in which there were three men returning from Seabrook, turned a corner in the road. Gerald was hatless, and his wild appearance as he ran towards them excited their curiosity. At the very moment Weston first saw the wagon, his hand happened to touch one of the clots left by Mollie on his coat, and he suddenly remembered that she had smeared blood on him.

His heart seemed to stand still. What if he should be accused of the crime? Mollie was unable to tell any thing about it just then, and might never be any better. He stopped. The men whipped up their horses and shouted to him. He was confused, bewildered by the danger in which he found himself. Without knowing what he did he turned and dashed into the woods which at that point skirted the road.

That unfortunate action was enough. The men sprang from their wagon and following him into the brush, he was soon overtaken. The blood on his clothes was the first thing noticed, and confused and terrified at the awful position in which he found himself, Gerald refused to answer the eager questions showered on him, or, in fact, to say any thing.

"'Pears like murder," said one of his captors.

"Yes, and like enough he has killed old Cranbrook," said another.

After binding Gerald's hands behind him, an operation to which he submitted passively, for he was completely dazed by the turn events had taken, the captors, with their captive, drove to the white house.

Two hours later Gerald Weston occupied a cell in the little lock-up, charged with the awful crime of murder. No one questioned his guilt—the evidence against him was all too plain and circumstantial.

That night poor Mollie lay cold and still with a little mite upon her marble breast who had never opened his eyes upon the world when he was born into it, and three days later the little family was hidden away from sight of man in the churchyard on the hillside.

The trial came, and in spite of Gerald's statement of the facts, the evidence was all against him, excepting in one particular. This was a very important point to be sure, but the jury did not allow it to weigh against the circumstantial chain which connected Weston with the crime. Haskins and his wife swore that they had seen Gerald Weston entering Cranbrooks's house at an hour which tallied exactly with the time he would have arrived there if he had gone direct from the beach. Turner declared with equal positiveness that he had met the prisoner three miles away from Cranbrook's at the same hour. The fishermen, with evident reluctance, told of the threats made on the beach, and a motive for the murder was thus supplied. The jury's verdict of "guilty" was generally indorsed by the people as correct, but owing to the statement of Turner, a petition for Executive clemency was largely signed and forwarded to the Governor at Boston. That official, a humane man, commuted the death sentence to imprisonment for life. Years passed and the hopeless, white-haired convict lived on, counting the days and hours which must elapse before a kindly Providence should end his sufferings. Many attempts had been made to secure his release, but in vain. Several wealthy gentlemen, at the instance of a California millionaire who had taken a deep interest in the celebrated case, had used their personal influence with the Executive head of the Commonwealth. It was urged that Weston had but a few months to live at least, and that his conduct during his long imprisonment had been faultless. Under these circumstances a pardon was issued, and one warm June morning, Gerald Weston found himself outside the door of the penitentiary with a railway pass to Seabrook and a ten-dollar bill in his pocket.

"Mr. Weston, I believe," said a gentleman, stepping up to him.

"That is my name, sir," said the ex-convict, gravely. It was the first time in seventeen years he had heard himself addressed as "Mr."

"I have some strange news for you," said the gentleman. "Can you bear a surprise?"

"After what I have endured, sir, I can bear any thing," was the quiet answer.

"Then it is this. Mr. Weldon ——"

"The gentleman in California who has done so much for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Weldon died a week ago yesterday, and left in my care two packages. Both were to be delivered to you if the Governor again refused a pardon. If you were freed I was to give you this."

The package which he handed to Gerald Weston contained a letter from his brother Richard, who had been known for years, and grown rich as "Weldon." In it Gerald was asked to assume the guardianship of his two orphan nieces, and act as exeeutor of an estate amounting to more than a million.

Gerald read it through almost unmoved. He had suspected something of this before.

"Where is the other package?" he asked.

"I burned it, according to my instructions."

"Without reading the inclosure?"

"Certainly."

"That is well. If it had still been in existence I would have asked you to do just as you have done."—Chicago Journal.

LEATHER GLOVES.

Of What They are Made—Technical Terms in the Trade.

There are several terms in the glove trade that may be worth explaining. The word "kid" really means kid leather, and there can be little doubt that the better grades of what purport to be such are made of the cuticle of the infant goat. About twice a year some newspaper revives the old yarn that kid gloves are made of rat-skin and tells how the rats are hunted for that purpose in the sewers of Paris. The only foundation there is for the story is that some years ago experiments were tried with rat-skins. The results were unfavorable, the largest skins being too small for any but a child's glove, and the pelt too tender to be of any service.

"Chevrette," a term used to distinguish some gloves of a dressy character for street wear, is both French and English, and has several liberal meanings. It is from "chevre," a goat, and we are justified in expecting a chevrette glove to be of young goat-skin, in distinction from the heavy goat gloves used for rough work. Great progress has been made, however, in tanning sheep and lamb skins in recent years, and they are now rendered so elegant and so durable as to be practically indistinguishable from goat leather in looks or wear.

Until within a few years "dogskin gloves" were always made of lamb or goat skin, never of the real canine cuticle. Lately, however, the difficulties of dressing have been overcome, and now excellent gloves are made of real dog-skin, though the quantity is not very large. Only the finer grades of skin are suited to street wear, the heavier skins being dressed in oil for hard usage.

Gloves called "castor" have had quite a history. The word indicates the skin of the beaver, but the best French castor gloves were formerly made of thin deer skin, and were soft, durable and expensive. Latterly shaved lamb or sheep skin was used, and the goods were unsatisfactory. These were displaced by American castors made of antelope skins from our Western plains. They are sewed with silk and are handsome and durable. Of late years a new leather has been brought out called Mocha castor. It is the skin of the Egyptian sheep, and is very thin, tough and durable, and has a rich, velvety appearance.

Colt skin is a new comer for glove purposes, and is an exceedingly smooth, fine leather, suitable for in or out door wear. Such expressions as "Craven Tan," "Cis-Atlantic," "Gant de Luxe," and others, are the trade-marks of particular makers, and are indicative of special designs.—Men's Outfitter.

SEMI-LIQUID PEAT.

Great Destruction Caused by a Deluge of the Stuff in 1853.

The shifting of peat-bogs in Great Britain from one place to another is not a rare occurrence. On the 3rd of January, 1853, a bog of Enagh Monmore, Ireland, nearly a mile in circumference, and several feet deep, began a movement which lasted about twenty-four hours. It stopped when it had made an advance of about a quarter of a mile. Pennant describes another affair of this kind. The Solway moss in Scotland was an expanse of semi-liquid bog, covering 1,600 acres, and lying somewhat higher than a valley of fertile land near Netherby. So long as the moderately hard crust near the edge was preserved the moss did not flow over. On one occasion some peat-diggers imprudently tampered with that crust, and the moss, moistened by heavy rains, burst its bounds. On the night of the 17th of November, 1771, a farmer who lived near by was alarmed by an unusual noise. He soon discovered a black deluge was slowly rolling in upon his house, and carrying every thing before it. He hastened to give his neighbors warning, but he could not reach all of them. Many were awakened by the noise made by the Stygian tide, while others knew nothing of its approach until it had entered their bedrooms. Pennant says that some were surprised with it even in their beds. These passed a horrible night, not knowing what their fate would be until next morning, when their neighbors came and rescued them through the roofs. About three hundred acres of bog flowed over four hundred acres of land during the night, utterly ruining the farmers, overturning buildings, filling some of the cottages up to the roof, and suffocating many cattle. The stuff flowed along like thick black paint, studded with lumps of more solid peat, and it filled every nook and crevice in its passage. It is said that a cow stood for sixty hours up to her neck in mud and water, but was finally hauled out. When she was rescued she did not refuse to eat, but would not touch water, regarding it with as much terror as if she were suffering from hydrophobia.—Chicago News.

—The biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln, South Australia. They are as large as a dinner plates, and the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his shell so well he does not leave much margin.

—A Paris correspondent writes that "A fashionable bride now makes a selection among the presents she receives keeping the desirable things for herself and the others to be given to future brides of her acquaintance."

IN PURSUIT OF SNAKES.

A Collector's Hunt After a Rather Ugly-Looking Reptile.

There is a popular prejudice against even the most harmless snakes, and few people would carry the collector's rage so far as to attempt the capture of an ugly-looking reptile with the bare hands. But the born naturalist, like the born sportsman, does not mind any slight risk when his blood is up. In Sherman F. Denton's "Incidents of a Collector's Rambles," is the following account of an incident belonging to his stay in Australia:

Snakes were rather numerous, and one day, while walking in the thick scrub, I came across a large, light brown one, coiled upon the ground. He was by far the largest specimen I had ever seen at large, and was probably ten or twelve feet long, and as thick as a man's leg at the knee.

I thought at first I would shoot him in the head with a light charge of shot, and carry home his skin. Then I considered that, if taken alive, he would be worth five times as much.

Feeling about in my pocket and game bag, I at last found a leather strap with a buckle. I drew the strap through the buckle, making a noose, and thus armed, started cautiously toward his snakeship, intending to put the noose over his head.

As soon as I came near, he partly uncoiled, opened his mouth very wide, thereby disclosing his sharp teeth, and hissing spitefully, struck at me. I dodged behind a small tree, and, leaning out as far as I dared, tried several times to noose him. He was very savage, and looked powerful enough to crush me in his folds. At this juncture my courage was at rather a low ebb.

After I had teased him for some time, he suddenly decided to leave my company, and started off at full speed. I caught up with my gun and went after him, and, by hard running through the scrub, managed to head him off. He stopped, coiled up again, and again I tried the noose. He was equal to the occasion, putting his head under his coils in a very sulky manner; but as soon as I reached out, and caught him by the tail he pulled away with great force and started off once more.

This time he took refuge under a fallen tree; and before I could head him off, he was gliding down the hole of some wild beast, which was partly concealed by the dead branches. I reached the spot just as the last two or three feet were going down; and seizing his tail with both hands, I hung on desperately.

With my feet braced against a limb of a tree, I pulled till the tail cracked and snapped, as if it would break asunder. Sometimes he pulled me within a few inches of the hole, and then I would brace up on the limb, and drag him half way out.

At last I grew so tired that I had to let go my hold, and, with many regrets, I saw the last few inches of the tail disappear beneath the ground.

ST. DISTAFF'S DAY.

A Thread 115 Miles in Length Spun From One Pound of Cotton.

The 7th of January is a day in which the elderly maidens, who are sometimes called spinsters, should take a peculiar interest. In old times it was known and observed as St. Distaff's day, because it was generally then that the women resumed, after all Christmas holidays, the distaff and spindle. When the spinning-wheel was invented, along in 1533, those ladies who used it began to be called spinsters. This, afterward, in legal terminology, came to be applied to all unmarried women, but the name was an honored one until the employment of spinning was considered too menial for women of rank. Then it was used contemptuously, and gradually it came to signify, more particularly, single ladies of mature years. Before the spinning-wheel was relegated to the garret some extraordinary feats were accomplished, or, as people nowadays would say, records were made, by those expert in its use. In the year 1745 a woman at East Dereham, in Norfolk, spun a single pound of wool into a thread of 84,000 yards in length, wanting only eighty yards of forty-eight miles. This, at the time, was considered a performance of sufficient importance to merit a place in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society"—a very high honor, indeed. Afterward, this feat was eclipsed by another English lady, living at Norwich, who spun a pound of combed wool into a thread of 168,000 yards; and she actually produced from the same weight of cotton a thread of 203,000 yards, equal to about 115 miles. This last thread, if woven, would produce about twenty yards of yard-wide muslin.—Chicago News.

The Domestic of the Period.

"Mr. Hankinson, you will excuse me if I receive you in the dining-room this evening."

"Don't mention it, Miss Kajones. It is much more cozy and homelike."

"It is not on that account, Mr. Hankinson, but Bridget has gone into the parlor to take a nap on the lounge and given orders that she must not be disturbed."—Chicago Tribune.

—A Hartford, Van Buren County, (Mich.) man, who went West some years ago, got into trouble and the California penitentiary at the same time, and to save his family the disgrace caused somebody to write to Michigan that he had been shot and scalped by Indians. This would have made it all right if he had stayed dead, but a short time ago, while his widow was getting her trousseau ready to marry a decent man, the villain spoiled every thing by getting out of prison and writing home to ask for his family.

—The great Okefenokee swamp of Georgia, over the proposed sale of which at auction there have arisen interfering complications, comprises about 450,000 acres. Much of it is high and dry and much heavily timbered. It is one hundred miles long, and from ten to fifty wide, more than half being in Florida. The place supports many forms of animal life. Its denizens are pretty rough people. They eat honey and hunt bears.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—One of the best remedies for burns is dry soda bound on closely.

—Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

—That formation of hard skin on the hands which simulates eczema can often be relieved by rubbing in lanoline, or wool-fat, with pumice-stone.

It is asserted that corns and bunions can be relieved by painting them three times a day with a mixture of equal parts of sweet-oil and tincture of iodine.

—A good way to wash kid gloves. Spread out the gloves smooth and neat. Rub toward the fingers with a flannel dipped in milk and well soaped. Rub them well and dry. The gloves will be soft and clean.

—Goose oil rubbed on the throat and chest is an old-time remedy for croup, but after its use the child must be kept well covered and away from draughts, as it is very opening to the pores, and the least cold often proves fatal.

—Every one who prizes good health and intends to maintain it should indulge in a dry rub upon going to bed. A flesh brush is good for the purpose, but a good rough towel is better. The object is to keep the pores open and in healthy activity.

—Tea-drinkers are warned against the careless habit of leaving any tea in the teapot to be "warmed over," or to be taken cold at an hour much later than when it was made. The tannin which tea that has been long standing contains, does a great deal of mischief.

—Sufferers from neuralgia are warned by a medical writer not to drink tea; but to drink freely of coffee into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed. Neuralgia is said to indicate a low and depressed state of vitality. The best remedy is to build up and fortify the constitution.

—An excellent remedy for whooping cough is to pour boiling water on flax seed, steep it some time, strain, and to every pint of tea add enough granulated sugar or honey to make a thick sirup, and after boiling them together a few minutes put in the juice of two lemons. It is said a *few spoonfuls taken often* will soon relieve the cough.

—For rheumatism beat one egg, yelk and white together, add one wineglassful of brown vinegar, and one wineglassful of turpentine. Let the mixture stand one hour, then put in bottle and cork. Evening and morning rub the part affected with the pains with the above mixture. It is also useful to rub on the neck when the throat is sore, or on the chest when the cold is there.

—Any one who suffers from chilblains will be glad to try the following remedy recommended by a writer in Arthur's Home Magazine: I made a strong solution of white oak bark as hot as I could bear, and bathed my feet every night before retiring. It made a perfect cure. I had been troubled so much that I used to dread the cold weather on that account; my feet would fester and be so swollen and sore that I could not wear shoes. Now, I have had no chilblains since I applied this remedy, a good many years ago."

TO REDUCE FRICTION.

Social Laws Whose Observance Is Essential to Good Fellowship.

Social laws are humanizing influences when obeyed understandingly. They may seem to oppress, at times, free movement, but that oppression is development, for it forces us to live in obedience to a system: and obedience to system means order, and order is Heaven's first law. Obedience to social laws not only reduces friction, but it spares love many wounds. How many times is love fatally wounded by the omission of an act that is simply one of courtesy, and which would never be omitted between strangers except through ignorance! Indeed, it would seem sometimes that we tried to show our affection by the omission of acts of courtesy. There is no doubt that separations between members of the same family would many times have been avoided had social laws been obeyed, had not liberty been taken with the law of love.

Not long since a young girl, one of three intimate school friends, died. One of the three had married and moved away from her native city. An accident a few months ago to a member of her family caused her friends to write letters of sympathy which remained unacknowledged. All through the sick girl's delirium she asked for the letter from her friend which had never been received. After her death the friend gave every evidence of warm affection, but it was too late to remove one pang from the loving heart that was still, and which had been wounded so carelessly. If the knowledge ever comes to her, it will leave a memory that will never be blotted out. It is just this possibility of being separated by death that should make us careful to observe the law of kindly living, for that is all that social forms imply or demand, and kindness is the foundation of happiness.

Obedience to social laws does not mean cold formality, any more than obedience to moral laws means sanctimoniousness. Either or both express a certain harmoniousness of nature, a blending of heart and head that means an emotional nature well balanced.

Frequently people do not obey social laws in the circle bounded by friendship, because of a fear that such obedience among close friends would savor of gush, and they unconsciously are rude where they meant to give only the impression of reserve. Reserve is a quality to be cultivated when it is not possessed by the individual, but reserve is neither iciness nor slovenliness in expression of feeling. It is the nice sense of what should be said and when to say it. Reserve should be a gate, not a stone wall, and it should be a gate that swings easily both ways; it should be a means of exit as well as ingress, and it should be developed in harmony with nature and the laws of life. Gush, and reserve that means silence, are the extremes to avoid, and a means of keeping them in check is obedience to the social laws whose forms are, as we have said before, the basis of kindly living for every degree of relationship.—Christian Union.